

WASHINGTONIANS VISIT SHOW WITH VIEW OF BUYING

Selection of Car Is Left Largely
to the Wives and Daughters.

By HARRY WARD.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—All previous attendance records are being broken at the thirteenth national automobile show at Madison Square Garden and Grand Central Palace, and Washington automobile owners and dealers are adding materially in making the record figures. Among the Washingtonians who inspected the exhibits yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. West, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Dent, Taylor-Hollock, Fred B. Pyle, Joseph M. Rodgers, W. E. Keeler, Gordon B. Cowie, Irving J. Henderson, Percy E. Roper, H. H. Leary, Jr., Raymond A. Klock, Senator Ollie James, E. H. Johnson, Irving T. Donohoe, and "Duke" White.

A feature of this year's show is the unusually large number of women visitors who are looking over the exhibits. In a great many instances wives, daughters and sisters have a great deal of influence in the selection of the car for the family, and the large attendance of women visitors is evidenced by the exhibitors. To a greater degree than ever before women are asking about cars which they intend to buy and operate themselves.

Exhibitors are discussing the probable effect upon the automobile industry of the consolidation of the two main bodies of makers, the Automobile Board of Trade and the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers. It is agreed by everyone connected with the industry that such troublesome problems as that of the second-hand car, the annual model, price-cutting, and patent litigation should now be near solution as a result of the merger.

One of the big makers hailed the consolidation as an evidence of the settling process now going on in the motor car industry by which all "wild cat" ideas will gradually be eliminated. Among former automobile world notables in attendance at the show are Ray Harroun, who drove a car in the first Munster Tour and who won the first Indianapolis 500-mile race; John W. Haynes, who was a member of the American team in the early Vanderbilt cup race days; C. H. Gillette, one of the first secretaries of the American Automobile Association, and Frank B. Hower, former contest chairman on the three A's and a director of two Glidden tours.

Goodyear tires are regular equipment on 142 of the 234 cars displayed at the New York automobile show. The New York show reflects the sentiment of the entire industry and show to a large extent what the indication of the times are.

Goodyear tires were, on the average, displayed on one-third of the cars exhibited during 1912 at the automobile shows throughout the country. And the increase this year indicates more than ever the increasing popularity of this type of tire.

A DAUGHTER OF THE ARMADA

By Stephen Chalmers

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada one of the ships, the Trinidad, appears in the Bay of Kilelan, off the west coast of Scotland. She burns, and the sailors who escape to land are hanged by Black Jamie, the Highland laird of Kilelan. One refugee, Don John, is befriended by young Rorie and his father, Angus Macdonald, brother-in-law to the laird. On his way with Rorie to the castle to surrender as prisoner of war to the laird Don John meets Mistress Mary, the laird's daughter, who entreats him to flee to safety. Don John escapes hanging, but is held by the laird to do work at the farm-house until the return of his son, Archibald.

CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

"KENNA," I said, to gain time. "I will think it over, lass. Four days, ye say?"

"Aye, that'll be Twelfth Night!"

"Twelfth Night! It is the period of revelry; yet my heart sickened at the sound of it. Perhaps it was part of the diabolical fate of the whole plot. Next day my dress took real shape. It was true to the wildest reach of my fancy; eye, and beyond."

The women were now whispering of it, and Mariposa among them. A feast of my head twisted over my ears and in my weak state I plumped into a chair with the sweat of shame on my face.

I shall never forget the next day. All day long I dived about the house, striving to drive the thing from my mind. In the morning Mariposa returned from the chateau, she only looked at me and sat down in silence. With her sharp, twisting, and unwinning in her lip. What could we do—a woman and a sick man—against that fierce lot of savages? In the morning Mariposa went as usual to the chateau. I pleaded with her to stay at home.

"No," she said, "I cannot stay. I must know all. Besides, they might think—"

"Let them think!" I cried.

"At that she turned, gave me a queer look, and went out without a word. By and by there was a knock at the door, and in came Big Andra. He sat down by the fire and grinned.

"Have ye heard?" he whispered.

"Aye." The faintest avowal was on my face.

"Ye will be on hand?"

"Aye." I shivered, and he must have seen my state. "Aye," said he. "Heck, sir, ye will be weak," said he. "Ye will stand where ye are. There will be work for strong men this night. It was the laird himself bade me ask. He will be sorry, Rorie, for your fight. It was to have been a peace for all."

Peace! I shuddered. Big Andra poured a drop of whisky, told me it would not be well for me to stir out, and went his way. I fell on my knees by the chair and began to pray. It is an ill wind that brings no good. Yet I was uneasy and unsatisfied.

I had been calmer in my mind when Mariposa burst into the kitchen, her face drawn with anger and her eyes flaming red. She did not speak at first, but walked up and down the room, her plaid flying as she whirled around at each turn.

"I cannot stand this!" she said at last in a low, passionate voice. "They are roasting the ox and filling the wassail, and whispering—and whispering—and whispering. What people will they be, Rorie? It is not in my blood to endure it. I will not! I will not!"

Of she went again—up and down—tossing her black locks and her plaid whisking like a bird's wing. By and by she stopped and listened. Then she tipped to the door, opened it, and stood, looking up at the clear frozen stars.

"She was listening, I know; for once or twice she turned her head sharply to the west. All at once she called my name in a fierce whisper. I was at her side in a moment. She gripped my arm and looked wildly into my eyes.

"Ye hear it?"

"I hear it!"

From far away came wind-blown snatches of a faint slogan. "The slogan of the Macdonalds!" she whispered.

"Aye," and I pointed to the chateau of the Campbells, where a tongue of fire shot up, followed by another and another, until the united blaze threw our shadows behind us. The Campbells had set their bonfire, and next minute the far, faint, slogan was lost in the wild blast of Black Archibald's pipes.

I heard Mariposa's breath come fast, and out of the corner of my eye saw the locket gleaming in the firelight upon a madly heaving bosom.

"They'll not do it!" she burst out. "I'll warn them. I'll warn them!"

"Mariposa!" I groaned. "What can we do?"

"In the boat!" she gasped. "The boat in the burn mouth."

In a moment I had abandoned the farm to itself, and was running by her side to the woods by the burn. And even as I stumbled forward, a kind of terror put speed in my limbs, for I could have sworn that I heard dead Daft Leslie's voice crackling, yammering and shrieking in the air.

"Rorie! Rorie! Rorie! Ye betrayed the Campbells for a heathen laird!"

CHAPTER IX.

Twelfth Night.

I CANNOT explain how yielded so readily to Mariposa; for, although I know now that I did right, it haunted me as I went that I was betraying my own people. But such was the power of Mariposa over two conflicting duties in my conscience that once started on the adventure, I had no thought or will to turn back.

We went through the woods that skirted the burn and headed for the mouth, where my boat was beached. All at once there was a crashing in the thicket on the Loch Striven side. Roderick Dow and several other men of the chateau splashed across the burn. Mariposa, quick as a deer, slipped behind a tree, and whispered me to do the like. But I was too slow, and next moment I was face to face with Roderick. "Stand there!" he growled, as if the air breathed of the enemy already.

"Are they coming?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"Hey, Rorie, is it yourself? Aye, they're coming—boatsloads of them."

"Then God help them all!" I said fervently.

"Ye may well say't," chuckled Roderick. "Come on, Camellie."

And off they went, running toward the chateau. Mariposa stepped out from the tree and pulled me arm. In a few minutes we were by the boat. We stopped to listen. The blast of the Campbell pipes came shrilly to our ears, but the Macdonalds had now come far enough down the loch for us to hear their slogan in confusion.

"Elate!" whispered Mariposa, leaping into the boat.

I obeyed and took the rower's seat, but she waved me into the stern and took the oars herself.

"I will be the stronger," she said. "I protested; but she snuggly bade me be still. We pushed off and sailed out of the burn. The moment we cleared the point, the Macdonald slogan broke

on our ears with greater volume. Half a dozen lights moved swiftly down the middle of the loch; and as we stopped to mark their position, we could hear the steady wash of their oars.

"Pray ye dinna miss them," said Mariposa, drawing a long stroke.

Straight out shot the boat, Mariposa's supple figure bending to greater speed, while I sat chafing at my helplessness. The lights seemed to descend with increasing swiftness; but presently Mariposa glanced from left to right—first at the Macdonald torches, then at the chateau—and hung on her oars.

"In time!" she gasped.

It was a strange scene, as our boat lay there between the murderers and their oncoming victims. Over us were the innocent stars, snapping in the clear dome, which seems so much higher and wider above the water. Before us lay the tale of Butie; to the left the boat fire lit up the castle where Black Jamie had been slain by the old chieftain of the Kyles; and to our right, six black shadows, surmounted by flaming torches, moved toward us on the long reach of Loch Striven.

Nearer they came. The pipe-music arose in a sudden drone, and the wild but sweet slogan of the Macdonalds mingled with the fierce pipe-march of the Campbells. Mariposa called to the men of the Kyles. I asked my voice, but at first they did not hear us.

The boats came down on us swiftly, and although I shouted with all my strength, it seemed as if we must be run down. One of the boats passed to our left, and then the flare of its torch illumined us clearly. The torch-bearer in the next boat peered ahead, with his light held behind him; then he spoke quickly to the rowers. The oars stopped, the pipes hushed, and all at once a deadly stillness, save for the slogan ashore, might have caught a hint that something was happening.

"A friend!" cried Mariposa promptly. "A friend! What have we here?"

"And if ye love your lives, blow the pipes!" I added, for the Campbells thought we were about to attack.

"Something was happening,"

"The pipes slipped louder than before. The boats lay still, however, except one which slipped alongside of us.

"A friend, ye said?" was the challenge of Roderick of the Kyles. "Are not our friends this night?"

"Ye have no friends on these shores," I said. "I am no traitor, mark ye, Macdonald; but I tell you, if ye enter that castle ye will never leave it alive."

"Aye, aye," said the chieftain coolly. "Indeed, it was as if I had passed him the time of day. 'Hold the torch, Duncan!'"

The bearer illumined our boat. Roderick peered at me; then his eyes turned upon Mariposa. I saw a light leap into them. If ever a man was struck by a beautiful face, it was Ronald Macdonald when he first beheld Mariposa. It is the whitest and most mystified, I said to myself.

"Eh! eh!" he said through his nose. "Hey, Rob! Get in yon boat and row. I saw a light leap into them. If ever a man was struck by a beautiful face, it was Ronald Macdonald when he first beheld Mariposa. It is the whitest and most mystified, I said to myself.

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"Now, sir," said the chieftain, "I take it you mean—treachery?"

I told him all I knew and feared; whereas he laughed and said:

"'Tis as I expected," said he. "But never have a fear, my friend. What the Campbells have in wit the Macdonalds have in craft. Is the feast ready?"

"Aye, the oxen and the wassail. He put his head on his breast and seemed to fall into deep thought. Once he gave an order for the rowers to ease, so that he should have more time, without appearing to the Campbells to have any suspicion. At last he spoke again.

"I thank ye, Camellie. The same thing was in the mind of Macdonald."

My heart sickened, though I might have misunderstood him. But was it possible that treachery had been planned on both sides? And I had thrust Mariposa into danger for nothing? And myself into a position—

"But it was well to know," the Macdonald went on coolly. "If the feast is ready then the feast is to be eaten. Trust a Campbell for that!"

He looked at the distance separating the boats from the shore; then he spoke hurriedly to Duncan. The torch was waved in circles up and down, and the pipes hushed. The boats mysteriously closed up together, and while the men rested on their oars, the chieftain quietly spoke to them. What he said related to fall I had told him. In conclusion, he said that which plunged me into the depths of shame and horrible remorse. Their signal will be given at the drinking of the wassail. The signal shall be a skirl of Alan's pipe as the bowl is placed before the Black. Does any then the feast is to be eaten. Trust a Campbell for that!"

"I doubt not the Campbell is to play the Macdonald to his left, so he can draw with his right. At the signal from Alan the Macdonald will play the Campbell to his right."

"How shall he draw his skian dhru?" asked a voice.

"The first," was the answer.

The boats moved on, and I sat by the Macdonald's side, with my heart as heavy and cold as stone. Not only did it seem that I had betrayed my kinsmen to no purpose, but I had innocently aided a worse treachery. For if the Campbell turned to slay the man to left a dirk would sink into him before he could wield the clumsy ekeymore. In my heart I prayed that the Campbell signal might be the first, for then it would be a fair fight, at least.

But what was to become of me? Not that I cared—now—save for Mariposa's sake. Were they going to take me ashore with them in the very face of the Campbells? And why had the Macdonald sent Rob with Mariposa? That might have been chivalry, even in such a brute, and it had been necessary that he should speak with me. But, now that my boat was gone, what was to be done with me? I put the question.

"Do ye quail, Campbell?" he said, mockingly. "This night ye shall eat at Archibald's board."

"He kens me," I said. "To his coast, he keds me first."

"He will ken ye better before the morn," was the retort. "Hey, Sandy!" he cried, dropping from the Gaelic to the dialect. "Gie's yer bounnet and yer plaid. Gie him yours, Camellie. We'll mak' a Macdonald of you."

The blood rushed to my brain, and the voice of old Leslie cackled in it. Rorie Macdonald, wearing the hated tartan of the Macdonalds! But it was inevitable. So could I pass on the shore with the other men, and—oh! how I prayed that it might be so—escape and warn my people of their own peril. But if the aim were to subvert the laird, I must be recognized at the board. What then?

(Continued Tomorrow.)

WORKHOUSE TOPIC OF SLIDE LECTURE BY SUPERINTENDENT

Board of Trade Members to
Hear Reports of Committees
Urging City Reforms.

An illustrated lecture on conditions at the District workhouse at Occoquan by W. H. Whitaker, superintendent of the institution, will be a feature of the meeting of the Board of Trade at the Willard next Tuesday night.

It is expected that a large number of delegates to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which will be in session here during that week, will attend the meeting.

The committee on law will make its annual report and will recommend among other things that a campaign be inaugurated for the enactment of a municipal code; that steps be taken to obtain a statute for Congress of a modern factors act to protect innocent parties who deal with factors and other mercantile agencies entrusted with the possession of goods or documents of title; that some method be devised by which congestion in the law courts and consequent long delays in trials may be relieved; that all proposed drafts of laws considered by the Board of Trade be referred to its committee on law before final action.

The committee on streets and avenues will recommend that the Commissioners be requested to narrow the foot pavements and broaden the roadways on Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, between Pennsylvania avenue and New York avenue northwest, and provide asphalt paving for residential streets.

The committee on charities and corrections will recommend that the proposed discontinuance of a Board of Charities and substitution thereof of a director of charities be disapproved. Chairman Frederick A. Penning has called a meeting of the committee on public schools for this evening in the Board of Trade rooms.

President Droop lunched with the

membership committee of the Board of Trade yesterday at the Commercial Club and in an address at the luncheon offered the members of the committee a dinner if they add 250 members to the Board of Trade during the year. Secretary William J. Eynon made a similar offer at the beginning of the past year, offering a dinner to the committee if they would increase the membership from 777 to 1,000. He bought the dinner.

By the addition of five new names yesterday, the membership committee has already added 60 names to the list, and President Droop's proposition, in light of this fact, seems to be little less than an invitation to dinner at the end of the year.

Subcommittee from the committee on public order of the Board of Trade has been engaged during the week in drafting a bill which will be proposed as a substitute for the Kenyon "Red Light" bill now in Congress. This subcommittee will make its report at a special meeting of the public order committee tomorrow afternoon at 4:15 o'clock. The special meeting of the directors has been called to consider the measure Monday afternoon at 4:15 o'clock.

Final Plans to Remove Body of Lee's Father

SAVANNAH, Ga., Jan. 14.—In order to make the final arrangements for the removal of the body of Col. "Light Horse Harry" Lee, a commissioner from the Virginia legislature passed through here today en route to Cumberland Island, where the famous Revolutionary hero, father of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was buried more than a century ago.

Despite the objection made by the Georgia division of the Daughters of the American Revolution, consent has been obtained to take the body back to Virginia.

Measles Affecting Many in District

Attention is directed to the prevalence of measles in the District by the Health Department in its weekly bulletin. The number of cases reported during the week ended January 11 was 118, increasing the total number on record to 387.

Stomach Troubles



This short, right-to-the-point letter of Mr. C. H. Keiser tells his story completely. He could not say more. Cases such as this, of which there are thousands upon thousands, are what have given Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey its unequalled record with steadily increasing sales. It is truly the world's greatest medicine.

"Would say Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is the best medicine on earth. It cured me of Stomach troubles that no other medicine could touch." C. H. Keiser, South Langhorne, Pa.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

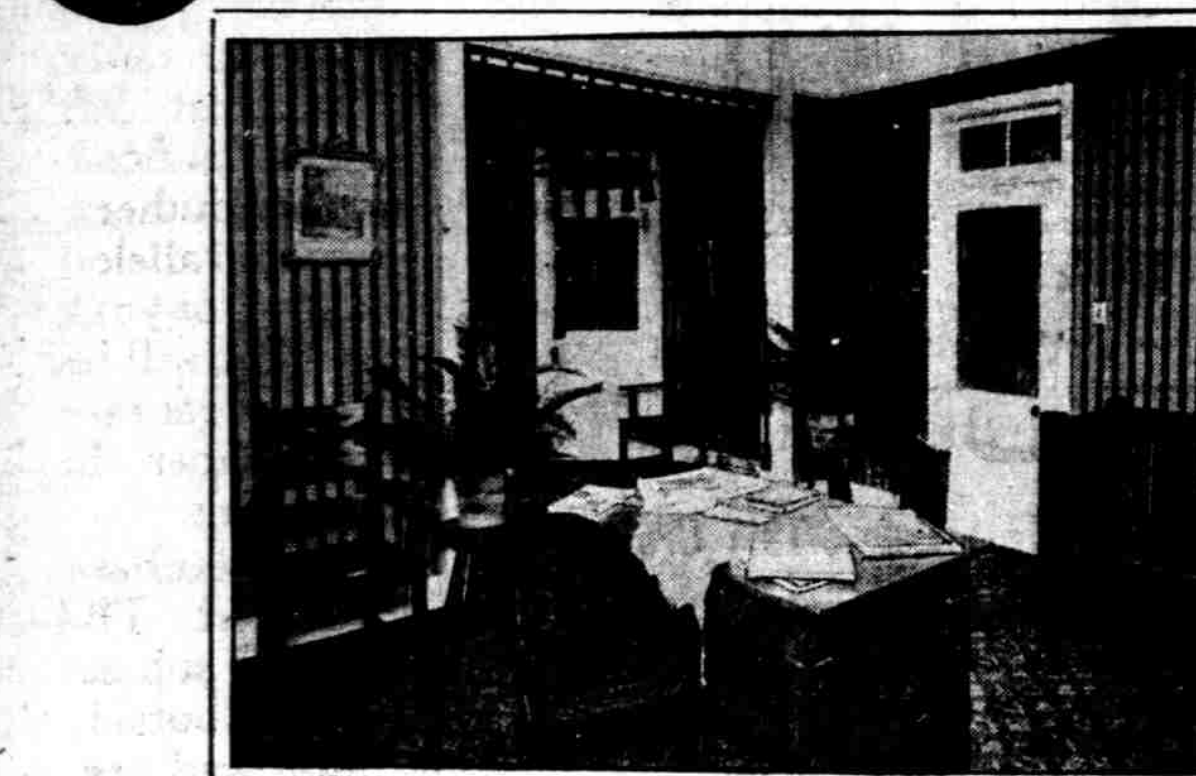
aids and improves digestion. Therein lies one of the most important reasons why it is so valuable. All the nourishment in the food eaten is assimilated and taken into the blood, and the whole system, in consequence, becomes stronger and able to ward off disease.

Sold in SEALED BOTTLES ONLY, by druggists, grocers, and dealers. \$1.00 a large bottle. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us, and we will tell you where it can be bought. Medical booklet and doctor's advice free on application.

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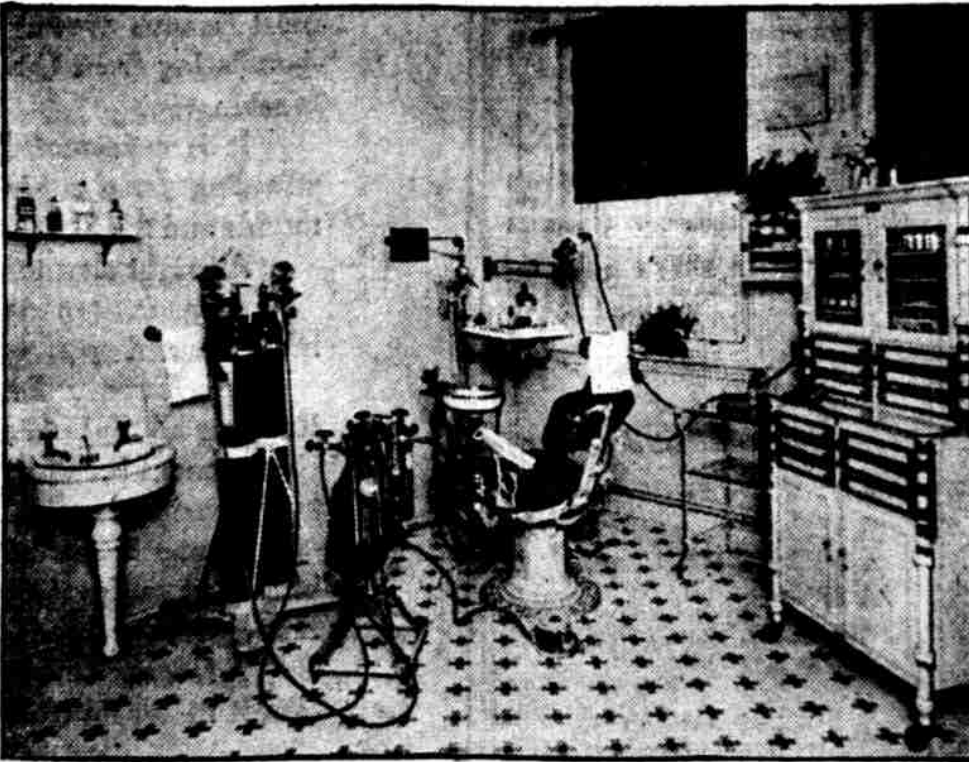
OH. A HYGIENIC DENTAL OFFICE OH.



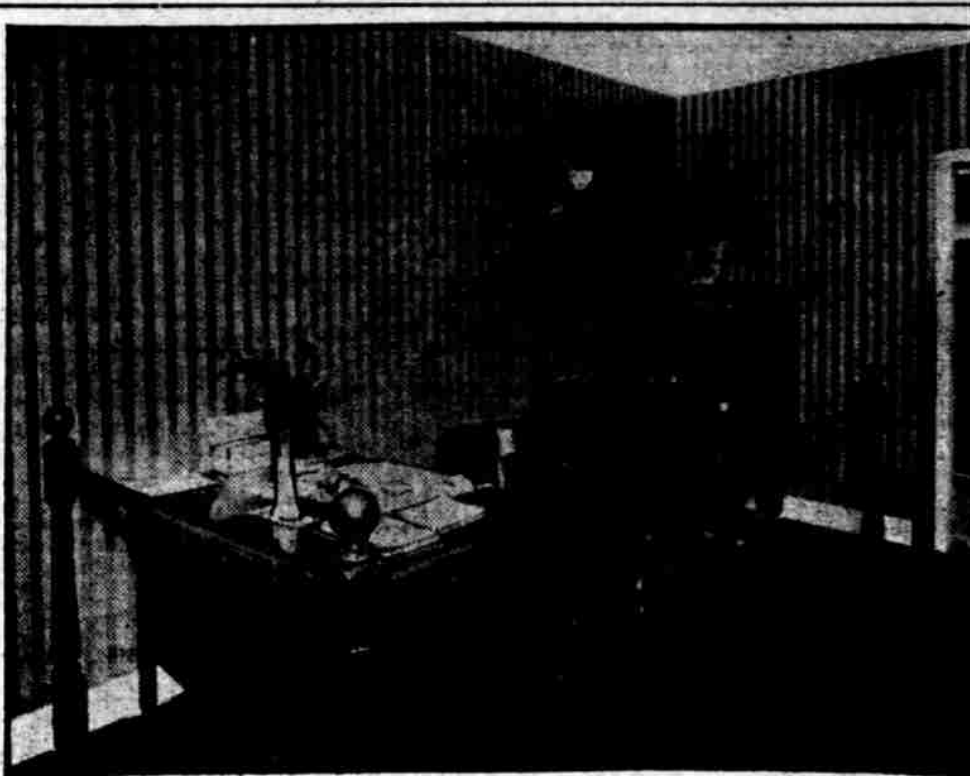
RECEPTION ROOM

Opened especially for the people whose circumstances will not permit them to pay the usual high prices asked for dental work elsewhere, and to get the best material and workmanship at a minimum cost covering only material and maintenance of office.

ONE OF THE OPERATING ROOMS



BUSINESS OFFICE



This office is operated by and is under the supervision of a well-known and established Washington dentist whose sole object in opening it was for the benefit of the public in general—to teach the people how to care for their teeth and to help them do it.

The equipment of the office is complete in every detail, not only from a standpoint of modern dental apparatus, etc., but also as to our facilities for looking after the comfort of our patrons. You will find here a complete rest room, a reception room, and a trained nurse in attendance. Our aim is to please you in every possible detail and in this we believe we have accomplished our purpose. Bring the children along, we will take care of them while we are attending to your teeth.

The work done here is guaranteed and will be kept in repair free of charge.

Don't worry about the cost. You can pay in small weekly installments.

Open evenings for those who are unable to come during the day.

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